# THE TIMES DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE

#### Where Does It Come From? The Divine Folly Of Youthful Lovers

Winifred Black Compares Tea With "Pair of Fools," and That With Clubman and Woman of the World.

By WINIFRED BLACK.

The woman of the world saw to that, mean. The waiter was a paragon of all the virtues in the waiters' class. He didn't shuffle and he didn't strut, and he neither slung nor sidled. He was not there when you didn't want him, and he was there when you Jid want him. He didn't rattle the dishes or tinkle the silver, and he was neither insolently veiled of eye nor obsequiously supple of person. Oh, a perfect waiter! The club man

And then the conversation-it was

so interesting! We began with the new dresses and how short they were, and the club man told a story that was meant to be funny and was only rather disagreeable. The woman of the world told him that he was shocking and tried to blush, and the club man straightened himself and settled his collar and looked particularly wicked and outrageously wise, and

Then we spoke of the new kinds of boots with fur around the top, and the woman of the world told a story. Some one had told it to her, she said, and she pretended that she didn't know what it meant. I really didn't know, but the club man did, and I could see

live in a but or a tent, or something. He won't even stay here and go into the business with his uncle.

"Of course, he's awfully nice and rather good looking and dead in love with her. What difference do things like that make, really?

"To be sure. I know he's your nephew. Mr. Club Man, but you're too much of a man of the world not to understand my point of view. What on earth do you make of it all? Can't you do something to stop it?"

"He'll Come To His Senses." "Do something!" The man of the world fairly purpled, he was so indignant, "Why, I'd do anything to put a stop to such nonsense! I've had him up to the club three times. I promised to get him in, and do you know the poor fool said he had no use for a club, and I'll tell you plainly, if he is my nephew, the club had no use for him. All he did was to sit

HAD tes with the woman of the world and the club man yesterday.

It was a beautiful tea. The muffins were toasted to exactly the right brown, the butter was sweet and fresh, and there was plenty of the right women the butter was sweet and fresh, and there was plenty of the right woman as were a strong as "He'll come to his senses some day."

it; the tea was neither as strong as lye nor as weak as water, and the sandwiches were perfection in the sandwich line.

The woman of the world saw to that

mean,

"And he has his father's looks—Jack
was always a handsome fellow—and if
he'd set his mind to it he might marry
money and amount to something.

"What a fool he is!"

"What a fool she is," said the woman
of the world.

"What fools they both are!" said the
man and the woman together. And I

What fools they both are!" said the man and the woman together. And I stirred my tea.

And when we were walking out of the room, who should come walking into it but the Two Fools themselves, together—the boy and the girl!

Of all the radiant, delighted heads-in-the-clouds and heads-in-the-air creatures that ever lived the Two Fools in-the-clouds and heads-in-the-air creatures that ever lived, the Two Fools were certainly the prize winners.

Something in my glance, as I saw them, attracted their attention, I suppose, and then asked me to stay and go back and have tea with them.

"Why, thank you," said I, "I'll be delighted!"

The club man stared in amazement.

The woman of the world actually saspents.

The woman of the world actually gasped. "I'm starving to death," I said brazenly, "and thirsty-no end," And I left the woman of the world and the club man looking after me in blank astonishment and utter disap-

But I told the truth, I was starving and thirsty. Starkving for youth and light-hearted gayety. Thirsty for a sight of simple happiness. It was a good thing I stayed. I got plenty of both

him committing it to memory for the next tea.

Then we arrived at the last new play, and the first new novel of the season. Oh, such a very frank novel—one of the sort they call daring—and you keep wondering how the woman who wrote it is ever going to explain where she got all the detailed information. And, by easy stages, we came—quite as a matter of course—to the bov and the girl.

"I can't think," said the woman of the world, "I really can't even try to think, what on earth is the matter with Ethel.

"She has a lovely home, two fine brothers and a father who lies down and lets her walk on him, and two men running after her who are simply crasy about her. One of them is poor, but he's in the army, and it's rather smart for an army officer to be poor, and there she is determined to marry that idlot of a boy.

"He hasn't a cent to his name, and he'll have to work for his limited.

idiot of a boy.

The hasn't a cent to his name, and he'll have to work for his living. And they're going West—way out West—and live in a hut or a tent, or something.

We let the muffins get cold, and we didn't know what was in the sand-wiches, but we knew what was going to be in the little house out West. Every picture on the wall we knew that was point to be in the little house out West. picture on the wall we knew, and every book in the bookcase, and we fairly saw the curtains that were going to hang between the dining room and the living room being woven on the loom.

The garden we saw, too. Here by the teapot was the violet bed, and there by the sugar were the panales. Heavens! the garden we saw, too. Here by the teapor was the violet bed, and there by the sugar were the pansies. Heavens' if there's a storm coming. Run into the house, little gardener, or you'll get wet. And we planned and we almost cried. And we planned and hoped, and all at once the fresh faces and the clear, happy eyes seemed to fade before my sight, and I saw again in fancy what I had seen half an hour before at that same table—two sad, embittered faces, two pairs of cold and calculating eyes—and I wondered of the four which two were the greatest pair of fools.

Wisdom, they say, is from the gods. But, oh, where does it come from, then, this divine folly that makes this old, gray world of ours worth living in, (Copy't 1915, by Newspaper Feature Service.)

(Copy't 1916, by Newspaper Feature Service.)

# "Why Not Let the Kings Do the Fighting?" Asks William Elliott, Actor-Playwright

The Young Man Who Collaborated With Marian Crighton, to Write "The Greatest Nation," the New Play at the Belasco This Week, Thinks That If the Interested Parties Had to Do the Fighting There Would Be None.

By FLORENCE E. YODER.

UT - really, doesn't that seem the only sensible way, to let the kings, and the ministers, and other people in power who are to be most benefited by the change, do the fighting, the actual warfare, for what they want?"

The young man who asked this question didn't look a bit like a playwright, much less like a leading man. Yet he with Marion Crighton, wrote "The Greatest Nation," a play which though a romantic drama manages to present the perfectly plausibe theory that kings, and not peoples, should do the fighting for the settlement of national problems, provided a settlement cannot be reached through less rigorous measures. The anxious look on his face seemed quite out of place, and had it not been for a certain sincerity and earnestness of manner one would have immediately con-

signed him to the pink tea brigade. For those who have not seen the new play, "The Greatest Nation" at the Belasco this week, a detailed description of the author-leading man, William Elliott, is almost unnecessary because at first glance he seems merely a replica of any modishly dressed, clean shaven, polite young man, with black hair worn pempadonr. In other words, he conforms to the popular idea of how a young man should look.

But at second glance, and third, and fourth, and so on, his more than ordinarily high forehead becomes evident, the light in his eyes deepens and flashes, and his simple and direct way of speaking impresses for more than all of the growing pomposity in the world.

Wanted To Talk of His Play. "I wish you would talk about the play." he began as soon as we were seated. "My whole heart and soul are wrapped up in that just now to the exclusion of everything else." settled himself and listened eagerly to a few remarks, with the identical manner of a fond mother hearing about her offspring.

mitted unhesitatingly, "I believe in what I have written, absolutely,

"Doesn't it seem simple, and sensible, that idea of luving the kings do the fighting? Why on earth should hundreds and thousands of people be forced to give up their lives for something about which they know little and care less? Not for one moment would human beings at this stage of the history of the world fly at one another's throats if they were not made to do so.

made to do so.

"The thousand and one thirgs which have made people understand one another and know one snother postal service, improved transportation facilities, all international innovations have sown the seade of

ration facilities, all international innovations, have sown the seeds of brothership among the actual peoples of the world.

"When it comes to a cuestion of a change in policy it is not necessary for the whole nation to take up arms and thrust the charge down the throat of some other nation with the point of a bayonet. Whenever the hard here in the the content of the recolusion of the recolusion. it has been up to the peoples of nations to make decisions among themselves, they have come to an agreement through compromise, or through competition which involves only the parties vitally interested. They, and not thousands of others, are forced to pay the penalty and do the fighting.

Why War Is Made.

"But by some queer misunder-standing it has become the custom for governments, and the heads of governments, to take national predjudices personally, to consider war as the only means of settling difficulties and to use other human beings as the mediums for the ex-

beings as the mediums for the expression of their will. The result is war—war from which any one of the individuals engaged would perhaps escape if it were possible to do so in honor.

"Whenever a ruler is so narrow minded as to be unable to see and accord benefit to his peoples, if it happens to threaten to undermine and endanger his personal standing—just then is he no longer fit to he a ruler. The abstract general good for which he is supposed to stand, is no longer the first issue, and in the narrow issue of personal wel-



WILLIAM ELLIOTT.

spirit in all its activities and win-

ning such applause as an actor that

he soon organized his own traveling

stock company and toured New

England, playing juvenile roles in some twenty-odd plays. Then fol-

fare he loses the larger view of national welfare. He is then not fit. inadequate, to express the wishes of the people.

But He Was Anxious. All this and more did young Mr. Elliott explain, yearning the meanwhile to be up and away to the matinee performance. He looked at times (and this is really a most adequate description) like an anxious mother deg, whose pupples have been taken from her, and every moment or so he would fret in a startlingly dog-like manner.

This was really what terminated the interview. He simply couldn't stand being away from the theater another moment. And since he was so frank and courteous, he had to explain his anxiousness and in doing so took the first actual rest since the interview started,

"I have so much to do," he laughed, "that I feel as if I must always be doing something other than that in which I am engaged. I keep running ahead to get to the next thing mentally. Last night I made up my mind to drop the whole matter and not think about anything for a moment or two. I composed myself with a great effort, and had just succeded in achieving something bordering on peace, when someone ran to me saying 'Did you get that long-distance connection?" and one second I was off again, hopelessly on the traff of business this time."

The tenseness which had disappeared during this naive confession returned as he said: "I feel that way right now. I feel as if I ought to be doing something else." So he was allowed to depart.

He had given assurance of his sincerity of idea, had paid the highest compliments to his collaborator, Marion Crighton, had confessed to having helped write many plays, but that his name had never before appeared on the program, and, all in all, had favored the writer with a charming half hour. A Prophecy.

What he did not say was that he is going to be heard from in a bigger way as the years go by. As a playwright, and as a leading man, William Elliott is going to suceeed far in excess of what he perhaps dreams. His history is short, but, like his act-When quite a boy at school young Elliott became interested in amateur theatricals in Boston and joined the Unity Club, becoming the leading

g# 300 1-th. loaves to the barrel

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In the Stress of a First Week Manages to Find Time for an Interview, But Like a With His First Play, He Mother With Her First
Child He Cannot Talk of
Anything Else, and Is So
Sincere and Interesting That He Entertains In . Spite of Himself.

lowed a season of stock at Elitch's Gardens in Denver, after which he returned to Boston to play leads in the Cestle Square, where his success eventually led to a New York stock engagement.

Taken Up By Belasco. It was while playing a juvenile role in this New York stock company that David Belasco first saw Mr. Elliott and engaged him for the role of the young licutenant in "The Rose of the Rancho." That was in the fall of 1906. A year later Belasco transferred Elliott to David Warfield's company to create the boy part in "The Grand Army Man." A year later found him in Henry W. Savage's company playing the young lawyer and son in "Madame X" with Dororhy Donelly. Despite the hit scored by Mr. Elliott in this play, which brought him far into the front ranks of the "legitimate" young actors, he chose to prove his versatility by koing irto musical comedy, playing the leading juvenile in Klaw & Erlanger's "The Pink Lady."

It was after this engagement that he gave up the stage to devote his time to his invalid wife, Augusta Belasco, daughter of the illustrious David. The year after her death, Mr. Elliott took his first plunge into the producing field, bringing out. in conjunction with Belasco, "The Governor's Lady." Encouraged by the success of this first venture. In 1913 the young producer presented "Kitty Mackay," with great success.

But nothing could demonstrate Mr. Elliott's business acumen better than his experience with "Experience." At the annual Lambs' House Gambol in 1914, the number on the program that created the biggest sensation, was a one-act modern morality play by George V. Hobart, in which Mr. Elliott played the principal part of youth, in which he was eminently successful. pany, that David Belasco first saw Mr. Elliott and engaged him for the

### Answers To Health **Ouestions**

By DR. L. K. HIRSHBERG.

Z. L. T.—What is the correct weight of a girl of eighteen who is five free six inches tail? 2. What can she #0 to put on flesh? 3. What will give a bright, healthy look to the skin?

About 113 pounds but a lishter weight is not indicative of ill health.

2. Eat plenty of coreals, sweets, cream, ergs, pork and butter.

3. It is advisable that you donk three quarts distilled water and a pure carbonate water doily, lots of olive ril, whey, buttermilek, fuids, green vegetables without much starch, unseasoned foods, and fresh fruits. Take a Bulgaria tablet with your meals. Avoid tea, coffee, constination and inactivity. Live in the open air more than you co.

J. A.—I am troubled with a perpetual and uncomfortable feeling in my left side. It is always worse in the morning. I generally feel better at night just before bedtime, than I do at any other time. I never eat before retiring. My appetite is good, I do not sleep as well as I might. I am troubled with shortness of breath. What will you advise?

will you advise?

Have the kidneys, heart, lungs, and other structures examined by some thoroughly efficient and competent physician, be outdoors in the sunlight and fresh air as much as possible, take an active interest in the sports and exercises of today. Take seven grains of oxide of magnesia about half an hour before meals, and half a dozen bone charcua' tablets about half an hour after meals in a wineglassful of olive oil. (Copy't 1916, by Newspaper Feature Service.)

#### PERSONAL ADVICE.

Readers desiring advice should

remember:

1. To address inquiries to Dr. L.
K. Hirshberg, care of The
Washington Times.

2. To enclose a stamped and addressed envelope if a personal
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# Silver Aids to the Hostess

By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK.

HE distinction between meals of fork which is intended to be used alrefinement and the opposite is wavs with a knife. wavs with a knife.

Such a simple silver article as a pieserver or triangular spatula greatly facilitates the serving not only of piebut of cake, cold meats and many other foods. Yet too often the same dishes are served with the ordinary fork or narrow knife, thus resulting in awkward serving. While solid silver is of course, the most desirable, it is better if our purse does not permit, to have an extensive, varied service in plated ware rather than just a few pieces of genuine silver. The hostess who cares that her service is correct will prefer to invest more in pieces for various uses so that she may serve a larger number of dishes correctly than to struggle due not altogether in difference in quality of the food, but in the kind of service. Elaborate decoration, high colored china, and ornate silver are never in good taste. The table should not appear overcrowded, but should create a feeling of restful, spacious

charm.

Articles of food, china, and silver must all combine in a harmony of line, and be so grouped and placed as to avoid all feeling of careless, unsymmetrical arrangements.

avoid all feeling of careless, unsymmetrical arrangement.

No one detail of table refinement is so important as the style of silverware used. It is accepted that the love of fine linen and beautiful silver betokens the breeding and culture of the hostess. Likewise the simplicity of the pattern, the fine craftsmanship and design of the silver indicate the last point in successful table serving, namely, that silver which is fitting and harmonious with the hostess every need.

The increased elaborateness of present-day table service has created a new demand for articles for table use. Each course from appetizer to dessert necessitates the silver table service has created and the course from appetizer to dessert necessitates.

mand for articles for table use. Each course from appetizer to dessert necessitates the right and fitting table service. Not only must modern sliver be beautiful in line and pattern, but it must be the right piece for the special service required. It is no longer nossible to correctly eat a formal dinner with the same size knife, fork and gooon. The guest cannot gracefully dispose of his portions if the sliver at his cover is of a poor, awkward shape.

Again, the hostess' skill in serving tools she uses. Who does not know how awkward it is to daintily serve asparagus, for instance, with the usual cun-shaped spoon. But how conveniently even this vegetable can be served with a paddie or blade-shaped piece. Recently, the writer was a guest in a home where a large plate of soup was served for the first course. The source

home where a large plate of soup was served for the first course. The soup-spoon was not over four inches in length, and she experienced real annoyance in disposing of the soup. This soupspoon was intended to be used merely with a cur of boutter.

ance in disposing of the soup. This soupspoon was intended to be used merely with a cup of bouillon, and was entirely out of place.

In forks, too, there is infinite variety, and practice has proved that it is much more convenient to use a blunt, four-tined fork for eating salad or cutting through some formal entree in which a knife is not used at all than it is to the old type, narrow, three-tined

SEEN IN THE SHOPS

ARQUISETTE is coming back, and coming with a flourish. Didn't it seem strange last summer to omit this dainty material from the list of approved fabrics? Now it is returning in a bewildering series of disguises to tilt for popularity against voile-a time-honored veteran. For 25 cents a yard are as many pretty patterns as the most capricious teste could desire.

of dishes correctly than to struggle through a dinner with inadequate ser-

Copy't, 1916, by Mrs. Christine Frederick.

Voiles are rising nobly to the charge, appearing intermingled with other materials and flecked with alluring little nubs of white and colors. So far the influence of Bakat, loudly claimed by New York shops as a result of the Russian ballet, has not made itself evident, and the colors are of subdued Dresden variety. Flowers, too; rather than conventional designs, are much in evidence. with bunches of gay posles scattered

At \$7 a pair of stunning "short-

By THE SHOPPER.

skirt" boots, white from the sole to the topmost lacing of snowy shoestring. For \$6 and \$5 are boots not quite as lofty, and with tan soles.

What about making your plans What about making your plans now for a new aporit suit of corduroy? A narroy wale weave that gives the sturdiest service is selling for 59 cents a yard at an Eighth street store. And oh, the variety. Deep wistaria, rich green, deep cardinal, warm mouse gray and cream white—lan't it a temptation to order ewough for a whole new suit when the cost is only about \$3.50?

(Telephone Main 5260 for informa-tion regarding the names of the establishments in which the articles mentioned above may be purchased. Inquiries concerning news of the shops should be addressed to The Shopper, this office.)

Half and Half.

"Timothy came last, looking half half sheepish, and "half amused."-Young's Mugazine. Timothy must have been a big chap, at least.—